

"Resurrection"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Chuck D:]

Damn back again up on track again

Some of y'all black again it got dark

On your mark get set

Out of sight out of mind

Hyprocites forget like marionettes

Strings in the back like nets

The chosen one who can laugh themselves to death

Lack of rhymes meaningless punch lines

Battle for your mind

Like Israel and Palastine

Good news there is some hard ass times

No more disses

Repeated hook lines and chorus'

Davs of doris'

Got issues and wishes

Got the jam but gettin paid up off the misses

Ain't nothin wrong but wait fuck another love song

It's the r&b strangler bringing nosie in the wranglers

Rock all the heads big times and alzheimers

Shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil

Now the pitch

Lord save us from that sword of Davis

That kidnap hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap

Put my soul in it

Care less about the gold in it

Boom the shootie

Got 'em running from the paparazzi

Lodie dotie

When the feds come and doom your party

Cracker in the back

Don't you know it's illuminati

Ain't nothing changed

PE we be the same crew

Resurrection in the game here to save you

[Flava Flav:]

Yo it's going down baby

It's going down family

That's my word

We gettin ready to turn this shit to the two and three zeros

Ya know what I'm sayin

Have all the clocks goin backwards

Have everything goin haywire

You lauged before let's see you laugh now blue cow

How now black cow

Word to bird Word to bird Word to bird nigga

[Chuck D:]

One on one

Hard like tarot cards

Behold the one man million man march

Takes a nation

400 year violation

Apocalyptic no power in this happy hour

Hazordus no you don't like lazarus

Just black baby

Where my soul be at

Star spelled backwards is rats

Let bra man rap

I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats

One step forward two steps back

Making habits claiming habitats

Ratta tat tat

Wish you could turn back the hands of time

And get mental

Pop the track eight track lincoln contniental

I'm the mouth that roared

Swore to the Lord

The eye of hawk

Both live and die by the sword

The forbidden

The six man be sinning from the beginning

The suckers hand be hidden intesne

Knocking your block with some sense

PE got more jewels than dead presidents

The devil try to get me cross like a crucifix

But I am focused on the vultures

Like a loc of locusts

New world order is goin down

Gettin round

I'm the spook that sat by the sound

Fucking with Sadamn will bring a new Saigon

Ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

[Flava Flav:]

Yeah that's right

Nine eight

No joking

We coming out smoking

And for all y'all that's been sleeping on us

You're lacking you're lacking aiyo check 1-2

I've got my mand that's about to sneak up on you and your crew

Ya know what I'm saying check 1-2

Aiyo Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son

And show 'em you ain't done son

Ball 'em with the back of the gun son

#### Make 'em run son

[Masta Killa:]

Sliding down broadway beneath the j line
Slumped in the incline position
Mind travellin beyond the shell
Which holds the soul controlled by the Allah
I be most humble but also punishable
For those who are unlawful to righteousness
I strive to stay alive and live this
Many fell victim to the wisdom
I mastered this

The track ovulates the mic like prostate gland imperegnates
Onto the paper the pain pours
For the love of my brother that hurts just the same fuck fame
My gun I bust to maintain
Moods are insiduous
Baffels and eludes those who label the God being anti-social

Baffels and eludes those who label the God being anti-social
Chose not to apply their third eye
I travel at the speed of thought rate it's fatal
What will enable a man to levitate

#### [Flava Flav:]

And you can take that and put that on the back of your brain

Coming straight to you from Masta Killa

Ain't nuttin iller

I told you PE is still in full effect

Beyond the year 2000

We ain't taking no shorts

And y'all need to know that

To make your head fat boy

"He Got Game"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

If man is the father then the son Is the center of the earth In the middle of the universe Then why is this verse coming Six times rehearsed Don't freestyle much so I write 'em like such Amongst the fiends Controlled by the screens What does it all mean All this shit I'm seein Human beings scream vocal javelins Signs of a local nigga unravelin' My wandering Got my ass wondering Where Christ is In all this crisis Hatin' Satan Never knew what nice is Check the papers While I bet on Isis More than your eyes can see And ears can hear Year by year All the sense disappears Nonsense perseveres Prayers laced wit fear **Beware** 2 triple 0 is near

It might feel good It might sound a lil' somethin' But damn the game If it don't mean nuttin' What is game who got game Where's the game In life Behind the game Behind the game I got game She got game We got game They got game He got game It might feel good It might sound a lil' somethin

#### But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin'

Damn was it somethin I said Pretend you don't see So you turn your head Race scared of it's shadow Does it matter? Thought areparations Got 'em playin' wit the population Nothing to lose Everything's approved People used Even murders excused White men in suits Don't have to jump Still there's 1001 ways To lose wit the shoes God takes care of ol' folks and fools While the devil takes care Of makin' the rules Folks don't even own themselves Payin mental rent To corporate presidents 1 outta 1 million residents Be a dissident Who ain't kissin' it The politics of chains and whips Got the sick Missin' chips and championships What's love got to do Wit what you got Don't let a win get to your head Or a loss to your heart Nonsense perseveres

It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin
But damn the game
If it don't mean nuttin'
What is game who got game
Where's the game
In life
Behind the game
Behind the game
I got game
She got game
We got game
They got game
He got game

It might feel good

Prayers heed wit fear Beware 2 triple 0 is near

# It might sound a lil' somethin But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin

Yeah that's right
Everybody got game
But we just here to let you all know
That PE is in full effect
From right now until the year 2000
Hey yo my man sing it

There's something happening yeah
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I've got to be ready
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down

Hey yo these are some serious times that we living through g And a new world order is about to begin

You know what I'm saying

Now the question is are you ready

For the real revolution

Which is the evolution of the mind

If you seek then you shall find

That we all prove from the divine

You dig what I'm saying

Now if you take heed

To the words of wisdom

That are written on the walls of life

Then universally we will stand

And divided we will fall

Cause love conquers all

You understand what I'm saying

This is a call to all you sleeping souls

Wake up and take control of your own cipher

And be on the look out for the spirits tonight

Trying to steal your light

You know what I'm saying

Look what beside yourself

For peace

Give thanks

Live life

And release

You dig me

You got me

"Unstoppable"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Flavor Flav]
Aiyyo man, ya yo yo
I'm tryin ta stay away from it but it won't stay away from me

[KRS-One]

You better ask yourself What do you want, what do you need, what will you find Don't be afraid, don't fall asleep, open your mind I hope this rhyme gets you in time and space, come to a different place Where you hear spiritual lyrical knowledge and you're face to face like welfare, and these rappers lyrics they need help there Does KRS represent heaven? Hell yea Let me take you elsewhere, where you stand, there's a curse there for sure, unless you're mature, grow up If you're immature, then you're livin sinister You reject the words of the minister You better get witcha Qu'Ran or bible, you won't be livin long if you're livin idol, the t'cha, that's my title Shakin it up, wakin it up, makin it up, breakin it up Takin it up higher, no liar, you can't deny the Public Enemy, with the public enema I gets way up in your buttocks, I rocks cause it's hip-hop The long-laster, Chuck D with BlastMurderer I know you heard of the word I be swervin and servin ya Alertin ya, while splurtin a divine speech Slow the party down so I can spit it To each I teach mystic lyric, don't stop, you can get it You better hear it.. battle? Quit it!

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[Chuck D] You don't wanna take this risk
[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!

[Chuck D]

Can the black hear his stepchild, run the mile
Forever like a juvenile, to stay alive
Survivin in the freestyle, yo hold it down
Walkin on the wild side, to live or die
Damn another slow song
Yo Money put the recrod back the FUCK on

No respect for the Usual Suspects, mad teens pourin fire on the gasoline, defeat fiends Feelin like fever, I'm gettin warm Chalk marks in the rainstorm, children of the gone lost and forgotten, minds rotten The arcade shot em, Channel Zero on the TV got em If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody If you don't know yourself, then you nobody Do your thing, no bang, in the same damn gang I never sang, I'm back, but I transmit slang Silence in the face of violent crews My rhymes and news be blacker than most blues Troublein, it all come tumblein, for the strugglin occupations, daily operations stimulations causin mental violations, minds on vacation In the middle of Revelation is a nation

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
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[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!
[together] Unstoppable

"Shake Your Booty" (from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

> Uh, uh, keep it goin Yea, whatever

Now, now, now Now this is that fly shit, the do or die shit Made shit, platinum shit that make you so sick Flavor Flav [?]time ticks, just count the six to eight figures? [?] shut em down at the Ritz Thinkin of grits, Kibbles 'n Bits, now I'm in the mix Flav be doin just like this Off the meat rack, got my money stacked Blow out your back, no fakin jacks Kid relax, honey I shrunk the kids Flipped your wig, on top of the world like 'Pac and Big Flavor Flav still stay jig Takin a swing, knock you out like Shannon Briggs Up on your block, money bustin out my socks Yo I'm in it for life, I'm takin a piece of the rock Flavor Flav got a lot, so you know I can't stop In ninety-eight I'm livin on large estates boy!

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Check out my girls, check out my girls Sing that shit G, sing that shit G!

Give me the night, like George Benson
And have fun, this jam is number one
We gonna party til it's done, me and DR
Goin real far
In a black car, fat two-seater
Rich like Kedar, on my Def Jam's
Let's see how the ball bounce
I'd lampin, so you know I can't fall
From Strong Island, still buckwhylin, stylin

Profilin, eatin at City Island

Now you know the real score, Flavor's raw

Catch me on tour, makin mad moves for sure

Hittin chicks like galore, we're gonna dance

Till we shake the floor, I know you party people want more

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Word up yo Ha ha, tsk tsk tsk Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, ha hah Ohh shit, sing it y'all!

(Shake it) C'mon, sing it!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Sing it again, c'mon!
(Shake it) Let em hear you
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Yo this is fly, it's fly, it's fly
(Shake it) Yo it's blazin
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) All this shit is hot
(Shake it) Hot hot hot!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Hot hot hot HOT!!!

First of all, Flav never get stuck
Still wear my jewels that's trunk
Can't mess with the cash that's bad enough tryin to set me up
Get me messed up in the game, what's my name?
Watch me flame to the Billboard spot
I'm hot, hot, hot on MTV BET
The way you see me, V.I.P.
Don't try to make history
Stay loyal to fam P.E., [?]
Nigua, burn your face with a ciggerua

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Yeah that's right, two-zero-zero
I know it's hot Son, it's blazin
We gon' take this shit
We gon' flip it to the moon
Ya know what I'm sayin? And we gonna flip it off the moon back to New York, and flip it down Broadway

Ya know what I'm sayin? All the way down to Hot 97
And we gock it like this, like this ya know what I'm sayin?

Terminator X!!

Ha hah, let me hear that one more time, one more time

Terminator X!!

One more time, one more time, Terminator X!

"Is Your God A Dog"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Crosstown traffic

Black to black

You should a seen 'er

Long and winding road to the arena

Crystal ball

I prophesized

What was on the horizon

Forewarned yall

Is it any wonder

What kind of ground you goin under

A September ender

To march madness remember?

You never heard a murder

Take for example

Unsolved mystery

Life lost in a funk sample

Enter the bandwagons

Braggin hangin banners

Clearin the way for younger MCs

And new hammers

What was criticized six years back

Is now back

With New York on the jersey front and back

Feel like Tiger Woods

Got madd goods

Way up from the cheap seats

Comin outta the hood

Race to the black seats

Amongst the wack seats

Be the hardcore

Alongside the deadbeats

The world lookin on

Like spectators

At crucified gladiators

Feels like a jungle inside

Where fish swim birds fly

Man got a tendency to die

Man falls to the hands of man

But damn if I'll ever try

To survive at courtside

Four tickets to fly

Rap or play ball do the game

Or duck the drive by

Same league that defends Be the same ones that do us in Spys

CIA - FBI

And them suits in that

Corporate sky

Eye for an eye

The target is the bad guy

Heard the war is on

From the announcer

Bound to get the crowd

Bouncin

Yes and it counts and

In this corner representin the

Best in the west

Died from four bullets

Two in the chest

Worshipped on the other side

Of TV sets

Had madd fans

Comin outta both sex

Sold, multi platinum

Eight times gold

But died of homicide

Twenty five years old

Heard he died in debt too

I ain't seen a winner yet, you?

The confused crowd boos

The move shit

In that corner

Number one in the east

The peace cursed for life

By the mark of the beast

Raised by peeps rode jeeps

Deep in Brooklyn beats

Praised as a hero

Who came up off the streets

The crowd looks on

Claimin sides they don't own

A house built up on

Their skulls and bones

Knew it be a matter of time

The play by play

Two rappers slain

Main

So let us pray

Wit all the gunnin

Crowd goin crazy

Gettin bigger

Proud to be called a bunch

Bitches and niggas

The ghetto stage fulla

Field nigga goals

Hip hop shoot outs vs those house negros

Five bodies got on the shot clock Runnin down in the count made The scoreboard rock The referees the LAPD The LVPD Said they couldn't catch What they couldn't see Question Was it bigger than the names Not only in the game But the game behind the game Down to the remaining Seconds of this record Anatomy of a murder Intensity of a mystery Dead and gone As the heads looked on Helpless As the atmosphere preyed on Investigating And the winner be Interscope/UNI Arista/BMG Lost in overtime Da tombstone trophy for people that shit The rhymes that died Beats that deceased Fuck best Rest in peace

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
That was then this is now
That was them this is how

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
Live and die by the sword
Come playoff time
Is your lord a god
Or is your god a dog?

"House Of The Rising Son" (from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Look around What do you see Can you see what I can see Hard to live without we Catchin hell without he Phenomenons, phenoms and prodigys - huh 20,000 maniacs just gotta be Human highlight flicks They wanna be Hobbys turned to robberys They killin me The gun didn't know I was loaded Devil attempts to get heroes railroaded Stole the ball from lost souls For whom the final bell tolls Confused wit moses in street clothes I suppose he the one wit cornrows Blessed to do this Outside jay Do you know the way to the aba

> One on one He just begun

Come to the house Of the rising son

I ain't one of these Programmed cats Just off the black Where the shot clock at Don't back me if I come Wit milky raps Smack me if I rhyme on Silky tracks Takes a nation to get back - huh Mike sometimes the opposite Of watcha like I'm tired of taps within Sometimes your brain's your cell Prisons the skin you in Gettin change beyond the point Blank range Combined wit the cross it's gettin over strange Here comes the son But who's gonna stop

The rain

"Revelation 33½ Revolutions" (from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Revelation, revelation...

[Flavor Flav]

Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know
Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations)
Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands)
Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G
Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future

We are approachin with to be Earth's last battle

The war fever's on the rise

The lives of many are in the hands of fate

Armageddon is the destiny we await

In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate

Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense

I hear the bombs of time tickin

As the smoke of fear thickens in the air

I cock my glock and give thanks

For the peace that will exist, when this war is over

Revolutions, revelations will be revealed

Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

#### [Chuck D]

When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit Harder than time and convicts Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets Twisted politics, high speed chases on the races, locked down places Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges set to show off in the blazes Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure Revisited, hear the shorties be guizzin it Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats I dwell on all the black males doin time And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits Spread like cancer on tracks that hit Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song

Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon Through the New World order I'ma carry on Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on More than wack videos in a dance song If you don't believe it so long and so on So on, prove the player haters so wrong I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah My militant mind stay guerilla zone Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone Get ya home with a honeycomb Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome Once again in Terrordome I'll show em My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems Got the facts and rewrote them 2001, 2002, what's it gonna do? What's it gonna do, gonna do?

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab Small pox created in the lab Beats too marks created on the AB The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight we gonna take down the head of state and demonstrate non-stop resistance It is time, time for a drastic change. Time to retaliate and wake up I've had enough, enough of the lies enough of the destruction, information and corruption's. False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble? And I won't stop no, no No more violence, no, no, no more induses and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing. And I'll attack and I won't hold back I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you until the truth is told You can keep your man-made diseases and your welfare reform, housing projects penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me

[Chorus: Chuck D]

Nothin can stop us, not even death [echoes]

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars...

"Game Face"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Intro: Flava Flav]
Hey yo, Chuck, yo the world if sleepin', G
We got to wake everybody up yo
Hey yo, it's goin' down, baby
Let everybody know how it's goin' down, baby

[Verse 1: Chuck D]

The way this goes down is simple, from this day forth Anything to deal with rap, STAY OFF It's just the players, no pay offs, strictly skills (uh) If you're brain's the same you'll stick to your deals And this field ain't about sellin' a mil' With the run of the mill, so just be tellin' the real It ain't like a third time fella's appeal 'Til the GOD scolds him and tells him to deal I'll allow you to write, maybe allow you to bite If you're down to fight the power here's the power to fight Overpower the mic, hit the crowd with the bomb diggy Ring the alarm, now the squads with me From way back I show now weakness when I speak this Mentally strong to keep this hit in my speeches given Now listen from the beginnin' 'til I reach the endin' My short stories winnin' and keep the beats spinnin'

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! [scratches]
We ain't for the game
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the name, P.E.! [scratches]
Yeah we ain't for the fame
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 2: Chuck D]

Break harder than ever, follow my lead
Through the fast lane in the game, they follow my speed
Either ease off the gas or floor it
You ain't ready to get it, I dunno why they keep askin' for it
This the real P.E., ain't no castin' for it
Cop lights, news camera, no action for it
Get the uncut raw, we somewhat sure
Hip hop's like a chess game, discussin' the war
Strategize, move like masterminds

When it's your go and your do', just cash mine
Last time we welcomed y'all to the Terrordome
Used the mic to reach out and touch, instead of the phone
I appear from the rear, stayin' from clear
Nobody can say if I'm here so they play it by ear
But here's the way I lay the idea
From this point on, the rest of '98, put it in high gear

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! [scratches]
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! [scratches]
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 3: Professor Griff] I saw it comin', premeditated world domination hesitated Rough this nuclear war head, detonate it I'm forbidden, so I stay hittin' up forgiven For givin' the livin' the truth, 360 proof So world look before this world's took I curl books under my arm Smoke charm and learn about this world's [?] Revelation the world cooks I spit gold versus the pearl hooks The first album made the world crooks Got 'em snatchin', robbin', thievin', stealin' ideas Believe in pleadin' reason for treason, conceal it for years My criminal [?] attract an accomplice to grub something **Results DRASTIC MEASURES** And the death of joy, the death of casket treasure From the abyss, the greatest trick I played on the world Was leadin' them to believe my mother's clit didn't exist Then I extended the list

[Outro: Flava Flav]
Yeah that's right, once again
Smooth the Hustler, and he ain't no crowd buster
Straight up Iceberg Slim
Yo, baby, you need to get with him
Flava Flav, Chuck D, Public Enemy, Smooth the Hustle
We out the backdoor, baby

Revolutioned every flag raised by a clenchin' fist

"Politics Of The Sneaker Pimps" (from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

On the outs I lace up, the world I face up
To score on anybody, its war on everybody
The new guys come in blood shot between the eyes
As long as their sellin that merchandise
And one what goes in don't come back
The color may be green but its also black
And red I know many heads that spent bloodshed
Cursed in converses, dead in Pro Keds
Now every Tom, Dick, Harry or Joe Smith
Skip the spauldings, pony's, and k-swiss
High school and college coaches gettin
Kickbacks from scholarships and them slave ships

Hey Dr. J where you got those moves Was it gettin high in the schools Can it be the shoes? Truth is truth, I tear the fuckin roof off the house Expose them foes with my mouth I see corporate hands up in foreign lands With the man behind the man gettin paid behind the man I hold the rocket stop the hand in my pocket 200 a pair but I'm addicted to the gear They'll make me do things on the court to amaze ya I heard they make em for a buck 8 in Asia They came a long way baby since Clyde Frazier had pumas, pullin mad consumers Them Filas I'm feelin but I cant touch the ceiling Them New Balance hits 120 million The last thing I need is Adidas terminatin my contract For wearing those old pair of wack Reebok low tops covered up by floppy socks Gave me a jump shot before I got jumped and shot Duckin a word from my sponsor Trying to end my year like Kwaanza

Been paid since the 8th grade
11th grader, pop the champagne
12th grade start the campaign
Gettin fame sign my name in the dotted frame
Nike got me pullin re's and g's
Shit, I can get shot for these
Please god give me 20 more years on these knees
To maintain without this game I gotta do keys
And I don't wanna go there because its fuckin everywhere
Factories wanna be me kids wanna see me
Behind the wheels and endorsement deals

Its the politics and the tricks behind the kicks

"What You Need Is Jesus" (from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Charles Barkley] Halleluja Jesus, Halleluja!

Now here's the pop, turnaround jumper, Hits the rim bounce away, the new slave trade. Manchild, six feet five, but juvenile. Thin line between getting bucks and gettin wild. Brooklyn style, hundred thousand miles. Parque tiles, leavin ankles broke in a pile. Son got a ticket to fly, he can make it if he try, To the sky, like a Coney Island ride. Gettin pages, from his super agent, Community raises at the clout or the cages. No doubt, center stages, mad phases, From behind crazies flippin through the faces. Paper chases, love that many places. Pros and cons. flics between the races. He hold the rock, call for sweat shops. Guard the set shop replaced by sex shops. The highest bidder, no room for the quitter. Gave seven tickets, under counterfittas. Three cities a week, droppin needles. Like the black Beatles take heed, what you need is...

[Chorus:]
Jesus (The incredible)
Jesus (And in your existence, huh)
Jesus (The incredible, yea)
Jesus (Check it out)

Crack my picture, never swith up.

Smack the back ups, pack them pick ups.

Resurrection of the two man vocal section.

The spirit in your dark ass direction.

Duckin them spray ups on my way that i thought be lay ups.

Won the battle wars, a thousand one push ups.

Here marks the return of them rules about Ruff Ryders.

Risin, chargin hard from the point guard.

Watch what you prey for, but know the team that you play for.

Need I say more?

Uh, scared of the resurrection,

Sacrafice yours, them maybe the revolution is basketball.
Changes, generanges. Which means rearrange shit,
Erase shit, stuck on Playstations.
Then the new plantations, I said a millions heads.
Waitin for another nation.
To make your world be free.

No shoppin sprees, there ain't no stoppin me. Here's the fee, not the weed. Got to see, God speed. What you need is...

#### [Chorus 2x]

Sticky D gives you fits, on them turnaround hippocrytes.

Comin and goin like flics.

Hit em net scripts, like a butcher.

Gettin all the chips musta been a road trip against the Knicks.

On T.V. showcasin kicks.

Must be the fan cause his video gettin all the chicks.

Walk up on a replay on Monday.

Sportscenter highlights, last second steal kept em real.

What you need is...

Jesus

Jesus (What you need is)

Jesus

Jesus (What you need is)

Jesus

Jesus (What you need is)

Jesus

Jesus

"Super Agent"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Yea, haha. Oh, kick that shit G. Nuttin. Yea.

Sold, black gold, one strong buck, To the Milwaukee Bucks, for a million bucks. Just get him off the streets so he don't get bucked. Super agent to the rescue so he won't get fucked. Uh. Run nigga run to the auction block. But you can't pledge alligence to the block. This buck here, is the right kinda stock. For sale for passin, the right kinda rock. Yo. Auctioneer Stern, to massive fuck. Can a nigga go home to where he used to walk? Come back, but super agent said, "You can't talk" I didn't know basketball had a bauk. Uh the Buck runs laps, while they run craniums. Players be drainin em, owners be claimin em. Super agents fraimin em and then nicknamin em. Drainin they ass, to pack them stadiums.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

The players ear word for word verbatum.

Super agent got him locked. Coaches be hatin him.

Super agent wouldn't even come in my hood.

If I had no skills, was wackin' no good.

Uh, in my neck of the woods the leagues concrete.

One can only dream about wood, yea.

Feel the grain and let the bills get paid.

Pay respect to the projects,

And the half court rejects.

Scholarships, save that college shit.

Then championships, don't pay for the head trips.

Can I get a chance if I don't sing or dance?

Right about romance? Or wear short pants?

So I rave and rant, and you can't say I can't,

Get my grants, cold chillin in a b-boy stance.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Super agent (What a hell of a man)

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,

(Super agent, where are you now?)

Never flagrant (Watch yo back)

Let's get it on!!

Fuck that trophy, find the loot then approach me. Land a milk and honey can I get a guickness to the money? All witness, no cheers the four years I ain't wit this. Hell wit the N-C-double A cause my super agent's paid. With his dollars I could buy a fuckin' college. Mister Ra-ra campus isn't keepin school bustas. Lookin who's lovin' ya, going for the juggeler. They know they can't contain me on the regular. Pimps pushes, the pocket book guzzeler. Would you pardon my father please, Mister Governer? Thought he had it made, dreamin about a trade. Things we get, help but the roof on this bitch. Dark side of the room when he jumped the broom. Super agent got this player, nine figure wages. Back of sports pages, off ghetto stages. Shootin sleepin pills and runnin to the hills.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Super agent (What a hell of a man)

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).

(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)

Super agent, (Backstabbin') super agent,

(Super agent, where are you now?)

Never flagrant (Watch yo back)

[repeat til end]

"Go Cat Go"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Say it takes two to tango But a crew to bang, yo Superstar shootout Overtime at durango Clear out/the box out Practice at the range - yo Get the d to step back Unless they be deranged, dough Rae me fa so la ti dough The chiza/rarely do missa Money earner isa Barn burner Highlighted by the headturner Every step you take Televised by ted turner TBS and TNT Sunday drain the tray But drew the foul on NBC Ain't no stoppin me I told y'all I close the door on the series Swept but they ain't here me In case you forgot This shot is hot Boo yoww Like Stuart on the Scott Haves and have not Go cat go Let the legend grow Game it like you game it Better let em all know

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do it like you did
On the brother wit the fro
Good job baby

Get the crowd crazy

Put that finger up at the section ladies

Scream c'mon scream At the chisa and the cream Raised up in brooklyn But be ballin down in queens White man's burden Be a black man's dream Badge over troubled green Be a triple team Suits and ties See the envy in the eyes Controllin guys while the Buyers lie about the size High priced adonises Unkept promises Boxscore forgets all the no name threats Puttin numbers up To get them numbers up Keep bouncin But whos countin?

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do like you did
On the brother
With the fro

Go cat go
Let the legend grow
Game it like you game it
Better let em all know

Go cat go Let a player know Coney island style Before you go pro

"Sudden Death"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Virgin bitches With rockin' clitches Gettin' riches

Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here at
The devil carried the cross to Christ
On the back of a black angelic hood rat
On an anti low jack crack hat

I'm humble

But I'll rumble

With any given devil

On any given level

But must I put into effect

And black caught [?]

No don't test me

Checks from the ass to the throne

Grown, I'ma do it my way

Oh, by the way, I don't play

So what you say about this lost and found

In lust but bound

To get the stacks

From the last sex acts

Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter
And sent native daughters to the slaughter
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock
Entitled life in the fast lane
Like death, in the last lane

I live, until the day I die I live, until the day I cry I'm dead, the day I lie

I'm not takin' pay off's And lay off's Knockin' G's off

From the tip off

Less academic callories

Hope to make a high price salary

I got 40 acres to comphiscate

I got a mule that can't wait to [?]

On who gets paid

And who gets layed

And who gets saved

And who gets sprayed

By burnt pale faces

Fiends in high places

Faces and faces chasin' traces and cases and cases of case suits

# Gettin' loot In a two piece multi national corporation noose Around the neck of his pops Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop Stop

I got an attitude how do you figure
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga